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It's life's yin and yang that turns my crank



Jeanne
UNBOTTLED

Maybe because I'm a paradoxical Pisces – two fish swimming in different directions – that I've always cherished duality in my life: my two diversely beautiful daughters; my city home and my country home; my TV career and my print career; my new SUV and my old VW Beetle; my fancy clothes and my schleppy clothes. It's the yin and yang of daily living that turns my crank. So it makes perfect sense that when it comes to looking and feeling better, I turn to two very different doctors, besides my wonderfully sympathetic GP, Marv Waxman of course.

Trevor Born, a dashing Toronto cosmetic surgeon, is my Botox guy. I know that may raise (or paralyze) a few eyebrows, and injecting this stuff into your forehead definitely isn't everybody's idea of a good time. But I love the stuff and what it's done for me. Having a furrow free brow and fewer lines around my mouth makes me feel a lot less haggard. I know the controversy concerning injectables, but I've done my research. I'm certainly not advocating Botox for all. You can decide for yourself.

But women cannot live by softened laugh lines alone, so once I dealt with the state of my face, it was time for an overall tune-up. I'd heard about the amazing Christian Perez, and his holistic Eastern approach to health and well-being, and decided that this was a guy I needed to see. The moment he put his finger on my pulse, he began recounting not only what I'd had to eat and drink the preceding weekend, but also what my sleeping habits were and what I was going through emotionally. It was as though the guy was psychic.

He then gave me an astonishing shiatsu treatment that made me feel parts of my body I didn't know existed. I felt like an ancient bag of bones on his massage table, but it was a great feeling – as though I'd entered into a new, timeless consciousness. As he poked, prodded, stretched and massaged my weary, stressed-out body to the soothing sounds of Japanese flutes, he commented on how I was taking in too much salt and probably wearing heels too often. But he didn't admonish me for my sins – just attempted to raise my awareness of the crimes I was committing against my physical being.

Just before I floated out of his office, I got chatty with his receptionist. "I didn't dare ask Dr. Perez how he felt about Botox," I told her.

"Good thing that you didn't," she said with a laugh. "He's really against injectables." Ouch. The next day, I was in the swish offices of Dr. Born (he in his Baldessarini suit, I in my Manolos). My Dr. Perez experience was still fresh, but I tried not to dwell on it, reasoning that I was taking care of another side of myself now – the one who adores her martinis with extra olives, the one who was heading off to the wilds of New York Fashion Week for yet another round of abuse, running around like a maniac in impossible shoes with stunning, sweet young things constantly in my face.

I was intent on looking good. And while I hear Dr. Perez gives Japanese facials that, over time, may eradicate wrinkles, I'm the impatient type, hungry for that quick fix. So for now, anomaly that I am, you'll find me taking that uptown/downtown, East/West, yin/yang approach, making my dual doctor rounds, just trying my darnedest to look and feel my best.